UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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In Memoriam: Frank Carleton Doan

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

J. A. C. FAGGINGER AUER

Some New Testament Heresies

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Letters from China and the Orient

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapters XI and XII

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1927 NUMBER 16

"A Pity, without limits, which unites us with all living beings—in that we have the most solid, the surest guarantee of morality. Whoso possesses it will be quite incapable of causing harm or loss to anyone, of doing violence to anyone, of doing ill in any way. But, rather, he will have for all long suffering, he will aid the helpless with all his powers, and each one of his actions will be marked with the stamp of justice and of love. . . . I know no more beautiful prayer than that which the Hindus of old used in closing their public spectacles. They said: 'May all that have life be delivered from suffering.'"

—Schopenhauer.

Lindbergh has already ceased to be an individual and has become a national, an international symbol. Ambassador Herrick, among his numerous outbursts of enthusiasm, has declared that Lindbergh is of the Lincoln type. There are few personal similarities. But they are alike, certainly, in having ceased to function as individuals, and in having passed into the Valhalla of social ideals. They are alike also in presenting a clean personal character to serve the purpose. The biography of this youth of twenty-five has not yet been fully exploited. Yet already legends are beginning to appear which, like those enswathing popular heroes generally, lack verisimilitude. But factors which have prompted the popular outburst are his clean living and the moral stamina which has resulted. Indulgence in cocktails, which so many striplings of twenty-five as well as their elders esteem to be the mark of manliness, would have been fatal to this young man's feat and to his career. One can scarcely imagine that one whose nerves compel his perpetually sucking a cigarette could maintain a 33-hour vigil through storm and sun and dark, and at the end hold a steady hand upon his control-stick in a perfect landing upon a strange field in a strange land in the night. Nor can it be supposed that one who has persistently perverted normal sex impulses in the lewd dances of today's "fresh young life" could discover the physical and moral stamina to endure the strain of the trans-Atlantic flight and then the even greater because longer continued strain of weeks of jubilation. When it was proposed to Lindbergh that he celebrate his achievement by a spree in a Paris quarter dedicated to high-flying night life, his reply was to the effect that since he did not drink, nor smoke, nor dance there would probably be little to attract him to the program. Besides, he was finding much else more conformable to his tastes in the study of his chosen art and in communion with the great achievers in that and other fields of high social endeavor. A youth who can be enthusiastic in great purposes is a symbol which any serious age will take gladly to its heart.

The assassination of the Russian ambassador to Poland, following hard upon the expulsion of the Soviet representatives from England, means serious business. Just how serious, time alone can tell. It is perfectly evident, however, that the Russian government is persuaded that the western world is preparing war, and that she must be prepared. That this is a dangerous frame of mind for any country to be in, is shown abundantly by past history. Austria was convinced in 1914 that Serbia was plotting with the Czar for war, and thus forced matters after the assassination of the Arch-Duke. Germany saw herself in 1914 surrounded by the cold steel of enemies resolved to destroy her, and thus was in a highly inflammatory condition. France in 1914 was certain that Germany had been plotting war against her for years, and thus armed herself to the teeth and, at the critical moment, followed a highly belligerent policy. England in 1914 looked upon a German fleet which she felt sure had been constructed to make war upon and if possible destroy English sea-power, and thus was all ready to leap into the fray when the trumpets blew. This fear of attack from abroad is the soil in which wars and preparations for wars grow like noisome weeds. That the western world is actually bent on war against Soviet Russia, as a deliberate policy foreseen and planned for, we are not convinced. But that Russia has good reason for thinking so, and for acting in the regulation way, is amply obvious. What else is she to think after the raid upon her Pekin legation, the violent invasion of her London headquarters, and now the assassination of her ambassador to Poland? All this looks curiously like war already begun. The madness of such performances upon the part of the western powers is shown by the fact that, whether they are actually planning war or not, they are doing, or allowing to be done, precisely those things which are certain

to make war sooner or later inevitable. One thing is sure—and that is that Russia has no desire for war. Her domestic problems are too serious to allow of any voluntary difficulties abroad, for the present at least. Yet, if war comes, as it seems to be coming, Russia will be blamed as making war upon the world, seeking to overthrow civilization, etc. And we shall all be called to arms again in a great war "to make the world safe for democracy!"

Bishop Brent made a brave statement about war the other day. Referring to the dead in America's wars, he said:

> Our deepest mourning should be expressed, not in dirges or laments, but in firm resolutions that by our efforts we will make it impossible that necessity shall again require the call to arms, that the United States has no right to go to war again without submitting her cause to international arbitration. Should she do so, or should she take up arms in defiance of arbitration, honorable men would be justified in refusing that war their aid.

These are noble words, especially as coming from the clergyman who did his best to consecrate the last war —entered into by the United States, be it noted, "without submitting her cause to international arbitration"— by his service as head of the chaplains attached to the American Expeditionary Force. Bishop Brent has evidently learned something! But has he learned enough? On the same day that the Bishop was speaking, President Coolidge was holding forth on much the same subject. Referring to the great and glorious past, the chief magistrate said, "When this nation has been compelled to resort to war, it has always been for a justifiable cause. . . . No greed for territory . . . has ever caused us to violate the covenants of international peace." How is that for immaculatability? Every war we ever fought—the Mexican War, for example, or the Spanish War—"has been for a justifiable cause!" "No greed for territory" has ever, ever been involved! This being the case, there was no reason in the past for arbitration. President Coolidge himself has said that in the present difficulties with Mexico, stuffed full of the dynamite of war, there is nothing to arbitrate. And as a nation so virgin pure of all offense in the past, is certain to be equally pure in the future, there will again be no appeal to arbitration when the next war comes along. Our "cause" will again be "justifiable," just as it always has been from the beginning, and thus a resort to arms will be made direct in the name of honor and the right. As America, in other words, has never once in her entire history resorted to arbitration when she wanted to fight, it may be safely assumed that she will never do so in the future. In such case, when war is again declared "justifiably" against some foe, as it was declared against Mexico, for example, will Bishop Brent's words be worth the ink they are written with? For ourselves, we prefer the forthright statements of men like Harry Emerson Fosdick and Sherwood Eddy that never under any circumstances will they support another war.

Since American society is organized as it is, perhaps our quadrennial stirring of the political muck is just our saving. The perpetrators of every piece of jobbery live in dread of the quadrennial public washing of dirty linen. One of the nastiest pieces exposed in recent times is now coming to the light in New York. The Interborough Rapid Transit company bids fare to be revealed in its true colors at last. Those colors are apparently all in the spectrum which have dirt in them. The revelations now forthcoming, discerning citizens cannot help but believe, are a feature of the political drive which is now on to blacken somebody and whitewash somebody else. But the fact that Samuel Untermyer is now in control of the situation gives promise that political expediency will not be permitted to quash investigations which political malignities may have initiated. The I. R. T., as the traction corporation is popularly known, operates most of the under-and-above-surface lines on Manhattan Island, and extends also into other boroughs of the city. Long posing as an oppressed and struggling company of patriots, held down by shackles of the five cent fare, and compelled to skimp the wages of its employees, it now stands revealed as a thief and a liar. The officers are found to have been boosting their own salaries and taking patent rake-offs while wailing before the public of governmental oppressions which compelled them to cut wages. The President not only secured an advance in his salary but himself accepted the bonus voted to those employees who stood by the company during a recent strike. He thus doubly rewarded himself for a scandalous mismanagement which was the immediate cause of a labor conflict costing the men and the public incalculable loss.

Among other scandals revealed by the Interborough investigations in New York, none is more revolting than the "publicity" methods of that unsavory institution. It appears that one of the most brilliant propagandists of these hectic days of the advertiser, was paid a fee of twelve thousand dollars a year to make a dirty corporation look clean to the New York public. This is the same "expert" who has been called in to "put over" certain big promotion campaigns of philanthropy and religion. He is manifestly in the market. He stands ready to make the worse appear the better reason at the bidding of any and every one who has the price, or who will sponsor a cause from which he can extract his own price. One of these investigations, which a reassured public believes Samuel Untermyer will push to the end, however foul, will come immense impetus to several promising popular move-

ments. One is deepening distrust of paid propaganda. Another is quickened confidence in the plan of public operation as well as the public ownership of the community's subways and other public utilities. What public scandal could be worse than the deal which this private corporation has perpetrated under cover of its highly paid propaganda? Still another is renewed insistence upon publicity for the books of all corporations. Several of the largest and most powerful industrial organizations are today operated in shrines of mystery into which only the smallest group of the insidest of the inside are permitted to penetrate. Nobody ever investigates. Nobody is permitted to know except these self-contained few. The public must be content with meager official announcements. These appear to be vouchsafed from time to time for what good it will do the company. They are prepared after nobody knows what kind of manipulation on the part of "experts" handsomely rewarded for their skill and their silence. Such iniquities must end, and eventually will end. We are marching on, be sure of that!

Jay Gould's soul goes marching on. It was never an admirable soul. His own generation did not like him, however much it feared him and yielded to his demands. He reciprocated. His crowning snub was to entail his estate, considered at the time superlatively vast, in the attempt to foist it whole and conquering still upon succeeding generations. Later generations have neither feared him nor yielded to his arbitrary demands. Instead of expanding in the phenomenally expansive times into which it was transmitted, this fortune has actually shrunken. It is today inconsequential in national and international economics. The only way the name can be thrust into popular notice is through some new scandal of one of the members of the family he gendered, or through a new and more flagrant foray of the lawyers upon the already decimated fortune. Almost any economic or ethical lesson one chooses can be drawn from the history. Jay Gould's way was in practically every respect precisely the way not to do it. He grabbed, he exploited without conscience or social responsibility, he outraged his own generation and defied succeeding generations, he falsely gauged the ability of his own son, and as falsely esteemed the temper and aspirations of the society he helped both to build and to destroy. If he had been content to die when the time came to die, leaving freer and sincerer spirits to express their own will through the estate he accumulated, the smallness of his nature would have been submerged in the largeness of his material achievements. But his scheme of entail, designed to keep the estate intact, has actually led to its dissipation. Intra-family broils have kept ever before succeeding generations the worst elements of his character. Learn from Jay Gould how not!

Some New Testament Heresies

Many of the "heresies" that have troubled the authorities of Christendom, have to do with the various persons of the trinity and their rather difficult relationships. It is a matter of interest to find that the writers of the Gospels themselves are guilty of serious heresies, both "dividing the substance" and "confounding the persons." One of the most serious of the early controversies of the church had to do with the creation of the world. The Gnostics held that the material world is essentially evil, and could not have been made by the perfect Deity; its creation must have been due to some inferior being to whom was given the name of "the Logos,"—the creative will or reason. Observe then the statement of the Gospel of John, "In the beginning was the Logos (word), and the Logos was with God and the Logos was God. All things were made by him. And the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us." From which it will be seen that Christ is presented as the Creator, which according to the historic creeds is the special function of the first person of the trinity, "God the Father almighty maker of heaven and earth." It is a plain case of "confounding the persons." And it leaves one somewhat in a quandary,—which really knew better, the writer of the Gospel or the quarrelsome group who put through the Nicene creed under the lash of Constantine?

Turning to the experience and statements of Paul one finds him very uncertain indeed about these "persons." It was "Jesus, whom thou persecutest" who met him on his way to Damascus and transformed his whole career. In his preaching and writing this is the great fact and hope of life: that there is one who may appear at the crises of our lives and transform those lives to something greater and better; that there is for each of us "one who can speak to our condition." But this is the especial function of the third person of the trinity, the Holy Spirit who was to come when Jesus went away to sit at the right hand of God (the Father) until the Judgment Day. Jesus is not to come again until he comes in power "to judge the quick and the dead." But Paul utterly "confounds the person," using "Jesus," "the Holy Spirit," and "Christ" interchangeably. Thus it is Jesus who speaks to him on the Damascus road, and "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth

in me." "But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit if so be that the Spirit dwelleth in you. But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." In adjoining verses Paul says "If Christ is in you" and "If the Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you," and a little later, "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit." Did not Paul know anything about this vitally important distinction which must not be omitted from the creed of Christendom, even though there is no place there for love of God or of our fellow man?

Another problem arises when we read the Gospel account of the paternity of Jesus. The historic creeds tell us of "God, the Father Almighty," and of "Jesus Christ his only begotten son." But Matthew tells us plainly that Mary "was found with child of the Holy Spirit," and Luke confirms this statement. Apparently then Matthew was guilty of the very serious heresy of regarding Jesus as the son of the third person of the Trinity instead of the first person. And one cannot help wondering just how the church fathers a couple of centuries later, found out about this mistake, and whether after all they may not be wrong about it, especially in view of their insistence on the verbal inerrancy of these same writings of Matthew and Luke.

Mark too falls under suspicion of heresy. He omits altogether the story of the virgin birth, thus avoiding the problem as to which "person" was the father of Jesus, and leaving us to assume a human parentage. Then we are told that "the Spirit" descended upon him "as a dove" at baptism, and later drove him "forth into the wilderness." This suggests an opinion widely held in the early centuries, that the "Spirit only made temporary use of the body of the young carpenter, taking possession of it at baptism and leaving it at the crucifixion. This last was held to account for the cry of Jesus from the cross that God had forsaken him. Mark does not definitely accept this view but his Gospel is apparently in accord with it. This particular heresy was another form of the Gnostic idea that the material world is evil and remote from God: wherefore it is impossible that God should experience the human ignominies of birth and death. If he used a human body at all it could only be for a short time and for a specific purpose. I once heard an enthusiastic teacher at a summer school for Sunday School teachers, advance this old heresy in all innocence, basing it on Mark's Gospel, and not knowing that he was reviving a heresy a thousand and a half years old.

The heresy of confusing (or confounding) Christ with the Holy Spirit is a very common one among the clergy of Protestant churches. They are constantly urging their members to welcome Christ into their hearts and lives, instead of the Holy Spirit, who alone is at liberty for the task. Of course this is because men and women long for the warmth and vividness of the personality of Jesus; the pale and almost impersonal "Holy Ghost" cannot by any means take the place. One could almost wish, — if it be not too irreverent,—that the Holy Spirit might have occupied the seat at the right hand of God until the Day of Judgment, and that the brotherly Christ might have been near at hand in our times of trouble.

It is difficult to be patient with those who regard such meaningless distinctions to be the essential elements of Christianity. It is evident that all these terms were used loosely, freely, and colloquially by the early Christians; and it was only when the Greek theologians got to splitting hairs that any technical meanings came to be attached to them. Such technical meanings, and the pretense of accuracy where no accuracy is possible has been responsible for most of the squabbling and breaking up into sects, petty or otherwise, among the Christians of nearly 2000 years. In these dissensions real Christianity has been practically lost, and because of them and of the neglect of the Christian ideal of life and conduct the Christian church is discredited both at home and abroad. It has very little influence in the critical affairs of our day just because it does not really believe in the teachings of the Great Teacher. It has no word of reproof for the arrogance of white imperialism, but rather itself represents a similar arrogance. It takes no effective part in the effort to end war, because it does not really believe that friendliness may be substituted for force. It does not share Jesus' fear of the effect of wealth on character, and indeed, is very willing to take on the perils of wealth.

Is it not possible for some considerable part of the Christian Church,—of the Church membership if not the Church machine,—to honestly face the fact that they have been playing with life in their claim to know, or to need to know, such meaningless theologies as those referred to above? What might they not accomplish in a single generation if they would substitute the spirit of the sermon on the mount for the barren stupidities of the Nicene creed? If a few thousands even, would turn from the unknown deity of Greek theology to the present experience of the divine element immediately discoverable in their own deepest natures, it would be possible for them to accomplish what would seem like miracles. Is the present crisis in the world involving the nature of property, the share of the laborer, the relations of the races, the problems of imperialism,—is all this to be dealt with on the basis of a universal struggle for wealth and power, or shall we meet it in the spirit of loving brotherhood?

Jesse H. Holmes.

In Memoriam: Frank Carleton Doan

Dr. Doan's name was known to the readers of this paper through his masterful editorial contributions in recent years. These contributions, characterized by searching thought, a radical spirit of free inquiry, a mystical intuition into the essential goodness and beauty implicit in the universe, were the ripe fruitage of a life deeply lived and all too soon cut off.

Dr. Doan was born on February 13, 1877, of Quaker stock. He was graduated from Ohio State University, and received degrees of A. M. and Ph.D. from Harvard. For four years he was professor of psychology and education at Ohio State, and then went to the Meadville Theological School, where he remained from 1904 to 1912. Entering the active ministry at this point in his career, he served successively the Unitarian churches at Summit, N. J., Iowa City, Iowa, and Rochester, N. Y. Retiring in 1925, owing to failing health, he took up his residence in Winchester, Mass., where he died.

When UNITY was reorganized on the basis of new "Unity Fellowship," Dr. Doan was one of the first men invited to join the editorial group. He had fought valiantly, and at great personal cost, for freedom and progress in theological education. He was one of the few men who stood true to Christian ideals during the War, and paid the bitter price of his convictions. He had delved deep into the new psychology of our time, and was himself breaking new paths into this vast and undiscovered field. True to his Quaker inheritance, he was a mystic, knowing the silent places of the soul, and leading others into the quiet and intimate revelations of meditation and prayer. Above all, he was an unexampled comrade, full of sympathy and understanding, prompt with wise counsel, and utterly faithful to obligation. We loved him deeply, and shall mourn him forever.

In tribute to the memory of this scholar, teacher, brave man, true friend, we publish the following article by Rev. J. A. C. Fagginger Auer, minister of the Unitarian church in Concord, Massachusetts:

"When, on May 14th, serious illness ended the life of Dr. Frank Carleton Doan, a man of unusual charm passed from among us.

A most sensitive nature was his, and a most unbounded energy. It was this combination of qualities which wore out his physical body at a time of life when most men have still before them the larger part of their work. It seemed a normal thing to go to him with one's problems and difficulties; it seemed reasonable to expect that his keen and sympathetic insight would find a "way out." And whoever went to him for aid and comfort was seldom disappointed. He *would* find a "way out," be it at an expenditure of physical and mental energy which constituted a heavy, a too heavy, drain upon his own reserve strength! But he never admitted even to himself, that he was physically unable to be of service when his service was needed. His strength of will would supply the psychical energy whenever physical energy was lacking. And thus, almost until the last day of his life, his friends found him hopeful and cheerful; far more ready to listen to an account of *their* difficulties than to speak about his *own* troubles.

An unusual man was Frank Doan, with a mind both plastic and firm. He would readily compromise on minor points, but he found it impossible to make any concessions regarding matters which he deemed essential. He was easy to move and yet immovable, depending upon the nature of the matter involved. For that reason even his friends did not always understand him, because not all men make so clear a distinction between essentials and non-essentials as did he, nor is the relation between their conduct and opinion as sharply defined as in his case. He kept his mind clear regarding the true issues of life, and he travelled the main road which led straight toward the goal. In his short life he had time only for the things which counted.

And that which counted with him most was human life and human happiness. Although he had been a teacher of philosophy, he disliked the merely abstract. He called himself a humanist and his philosophy served him toward the end of better understanding human problems and of devising means to solve them. He was impatient with speculations which have no practical bearing.

It was said that he was not merely a teacher but also a propagandist. This was true; he made propaganda, even while teaching, for the things which, with all of his heart, he believed to be sacred. If a teacher is one who refuses to take sides and who, while presenting the weighty problems of life, remains cold and neutral, then Dr. Doan was the worst of teachers. But if teaching means to discover in the manifold of life facts that are meaningful and true, and to impart that discovery to other minds in such a way that they too come to think of these things as true and meaningful, then, indeed, he was the best of teachers. For what profit is there in being taught to *know* facts if one is not also taught to *love* them?

Even as he was the best of teachers, so he was the best of friends. He was quick in detecting in the minds of those with whom he came in contact qualities which he deemed worthwhile. He would like people for the sake of the good which they possessed rather than dislike them by reason of the good which they lacked. He would readily forgive in his friends many faults save untruthfulness and selfishness. Once a friend he would continue to be a friend through good and bad report. I have heard him criticized because he would remain friendly to those who had no other friend left. That was his nature; he found it hard to believe that in a man there were left no qualities worthy of being respected.

Dr. Doan was called a radical, and a radical he was in the best sense of the word. Most men believe that a thing has been sufficiently explained when we have judged it by its fruits. He thought that the fruits might be further explained by an examination of the root of the tree upon which the fruits grew. He endeavored to explain both evil and good from the root from which they sprang and to eradicate the evil together with the root. He was an enemy of palliatives.

A man of fine qualities of mind and heart has gone from us, whose death constitutes a true loss to the causes in which he was interested and the men whose lives he touched. In the comparatively few years which Providence gave him he thought deeply, helped many, and willingly hurt no one. Therefore his memory shall continue in the lives of many, a living force for good."

Letters from China and the Orient

[These letters were originally written for a circle of personal friends. This fact should be borne in mind, and will make them all the more attractive and valuable.—EDITOR.]

I do not know how much you care about Honolulu. It has its importance, as the first step in expansion of the American Empire westward. . . . Here on the "President Madison," adrift in the vast expanse of the Pacific one realizes how far-flung that empire is. Navy women at the next table going to Guam,—a distant isle one week's journey by little steamer east from Manila. Nothing there but a naval station. Somewhere else on the map of the Pacific lie our Virgin Islands. And haven't we annexed something or other down towards Samoa? Anyway, we are one of the big powers claiming "rights" in the Pacific. Honolulu is first stop in our empire.

Brilliant color of land and bay and hills! I had forgotten that land could look so wonderful. . . . We came in yesterday at dawn, with white and blue surf to right and left, golden sands, rain—vivid green hills from which the last rising clouds were disappearing into a gorgeous blue sky. Just as twenty years ago, boat-loads of Kanaka boys were diving for coins around the ship, or climbing her sides to dive from the topmost deck for a fee. But the standard of living has risen. A few coppers used to buy a dive; now they ask a quarter. . . . So we came slowly up to the dock.

Wreaths and wreaths of heavy-scented flowers waiting on the mainland to be hung over the necks of honored arriving guests. An orchestra playing "Aloha" with a feeling that brought tears! Then I noticed the returning Hawaiian princess whom they had gathered on the dock to welcome. Fat, brown, good-natured, in a shapeless cotton gown, she leaned over the railing with arms outstretched, calling soft little words of greeting to her waiting friends. Homely, middle-aged —yet every honey-sweet tone of her voice and every languorous motion of her arm was a lesson in warm-hearted charm.

The "princesses" of Hawaii still keep their titles and social eminence; the natives of Hawaii still keep title to such lands as they have not yet sold, and a position of equality in the islands. It doesn't cost the American over-lords anything, for the Hawaiians are dying out fast. A charming, well-built, languorous people, expert in swimming, surf-riding—but very inexpert in the modern gospel of work. They didn't need to work until the white man came. But now Americans have bought up their lands for sugar and pineapple plantations, and the price of real estate has risen beyond the purse of the original owners. Some of them still do a little farming; the government in which they are represented tries by charitable grants to settle them on small farms in the lands they once roamed freely.

. . . . . .

I drove with old friends through the exquisite suburbs of Honolulu, up to the famous Pali, where you look suddenly down two thousand feet towards the surf and green lands on the windward side of the island, and where the fierce wind blowing up the gap whirled our auto against the cliff-side and broke its windshield. Honolulu is a city of glowing, many-colored blossoming trees, with wide-verandaed houses and people dressed in white.

I talked with Professor Harada of the University of Hawaii and with other old friends, and began to see the social life behind the flowered surface.

There is perhaps less race prejudice here than anywhere in the Pacific. Twenty years ago when I last visited the islands, the upper social set was composed of every race and race mixture. Inter-marriage between Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans, brought no social stigma. This old society still exists. "But the new army set has superseded it," said a friend. "The army has dominated and ruined the social life of the islands. Lots of night life, and pretty free morals!"

She added that we have in Honolulu what was before the war the largest army post in the world; and that Pearl Harbor is the largest naval station in the world. I have no means of checking these statements, which sound interesting for a nation bragging of its peaceful intentions! They are big enough, anyway. About one-third of all the Americans in Hawaii are attached to the army,—12,000 soldiers. All the Americans together are only some 30,000.

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The Japanese are the real population of the islands. Though forbidden now to come to Hawaii, since it is a part of the United States, they form over 40% of the total population. (With Chinese and Koreans they are much more than half.) They came in as coolies to work on the sugar and pineapple plantations. They preferred to work "on contract," taking a definite job of piece work and putting men, women and children at the job. Thus they rapidly saved money and became small capitalists, barbers, chauffeurs, jitney-owners. Tens of thousands still work on plantations, but, on the whole, the coolie class is now being filled by Filipinos in ever-increasing hordes imported for contract-labor.

The Orientals form over half the island population (Chinese, Japanese and Koreans). But do they vote? Oh, no, this is the United States, where voting goes more or less by color. The only Japanese who vote are those who have been born on the islands, and cannot be denied the right of American citizenship. The Japanese, with 40% of the population, have some 5% of the votes. . . . However, babies are being born much faster in Japanese households than in white homes, and increasing numbers are reaching voting age. . . . No doubt, when they grow too many, our ingenious democracy will find some way out of it.

The Hawaiian government is much exercised over the fact that some of its citizens (those with yellow skin) cannot visit the United States freely. They are American citizens, with birth certificates in an American territory; legally the Constitution gives them freedom of movement anywhere in our country. But the U. S. Immigration authorities are above the law.

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The report of the Governor of Hawaii shows what good citizens the Japanese are. Of those eligible to vote, a larger proportion are registered than of Anglo-Saxons; they set more store by their citizenship. Their children stay in school so long that although they form only 40% of the population, they have more than half

of the school-children. They have a smaller proportion of crime than any other race, less than that of the Caucasian, and only one-third as high as the Filipinos, who are apparently the unruly element. Among the dependent and delinquent children coming before the Juvenile Court, there are three times as many whites as Japanese, though the Japanese in the population outnumber the white four to one.

Rather remarkably good citizens, one would say. Yet we Americans seem to fear them.

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As for capital versus labor! Well, the land is owned by American corporations; the small middlemen are Chinese and Japanese; the coolie laborer is increasingly Filipino, with a certain number of Orientals. . . . The Governor of the islands and the supreme judges are appointed by our friend Coolidge directly. . . . Isn't that enough? Do you wonder that American capitalists call it the "Paradise of the Pacific"?

I was told there are no labor unions at all. I had no time to look them up, but obviously there are no strong ones. Strikes occur sometimes on national lines —the Filipino strike, the Japanese strike. . . . Easily discredited as un-American, which of course it is; easily broken by importing more labor.

Yet, strange to say, the big corporations don't have it all their own way. They want very much to import Chinese labor; it is much more efficient than Filipino. But the government at this point refuses. Also, in spite of the unhindered dominance of American capital, wages on plantations seem to be $25 a month and upward, with house, fuel, light and doctor's care thrown in,—certainly the highest wages in the far east, and hardly bad for Europe. So even the faraway Filipino laborers also regard it as the Paradise of the Pacific, which apparently makes it unanimous. . . . They volunteer to come in increasing thousands.

I stand somewhat in awe of the ability of American capitalism. It is so sure of itself; it no longer worries about unreliability of its labor any more than about unreliability of its machines. It takes pride in the best machines and keeps them oiled and tended; it takes pride also in the regimentation of its labor and keeps up schools and clinics and kitchens with proper food. It discards ruthlessly but dispassionately all antiquated machinery or unadaptable human beings. It creates to serve its needs with new machinery by invention, and even a new human race by the processes of natural selection and elimination. . . . The Hawaiians don't fit it; they die out. Other races are moulded to fit it, and even, more or less, to like it, as they serve its needs.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Off Honolulu, May 10, 1927.

This boat is a regular half-way house to the Philippines, most of its passengers are going there, and most of the conversation (except for bridge and shuffle-board tournaments), deals with the islands.

Yesterday the old-timers were teasing the newcomers—telling the budding young teachers en route for the first time to Manila just what had happened to the predecessors whose places they were called to fill. This one died of cholera two weeks after arrival; that one of dysentery; the other of malaria. . . . Much of it was exaggerated jest. But it's true that the white man can't live in the Tropics, which means that Americans can't live in the Philippines. They don't grow old; they send their children home; they take vacations in Japan; and even so come down with tropical diseases. Just like the British in India.

But it seems to be just as bad for the natives. I'm not speaking of the Philippines now, where we Americans have introduced a modern health system which is the best in the East and which is saving tens of thousands of lives yearly. But take Java, just to the south of the Philippines, owned by the Dutch. Thirty-six million folks on one small island, the most thickly populated in the world, apparently dying off of syphilis as a result of the white man's vices plus the native's lack of sanitation. Nearby islands and mainland which twelve years ago were importing Javanese labor (and the splendid physique of Javanese women was a byword), now are saying: "We don't bring in Javanese labor any more. So rotten with disease that you lose money on them as laborers."

The contact of white man and natives of the tropics seems hard on the health of both. Apparently we have done better by it than anyone else in the East. Having almost eliminated plague, cholera, small-pox; we are now fighting hook-worm and malaria. Of the Filipinos 90% are unhealthy, but American preventive medicine and school athletics are beginning to change the race.

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If we get out of the Philippines now, leaving a stable government with schools and health service, we would deserve all the prizes ever offered for altruism and statesmanship. . . . But, between ourselves, I don't see us getting out. . . . The missionary at my table, a very moderate, intelligent man, says that every year the Filipinos are more anxious for independence, and every year the Americans in the island are less willing to grant it.

I have read several books on the ship about the Philippines. Pages of propaganda, chiefly, for holding the island. White man's burden, train up good colonial rulers like the English—and all that sort of thing. The American business men on board are all for continued ownership, only they want it made definite in order to guarantee investments.

The arguments are of three kinds, much elaborated with details. First, that the Filipinos aren't fit to run anything, being nothing but hot-air orators known as politicos, ruling over ignorant peasants, and indulging in graft and oppression the moment American hands are off. Second, that the Filipinos aren't really a nation, but a bunch of warring tribes, including especially some non-Christian tribes who implore us Americans to remain and protect them against the wicked Christian Filipinos. And third, that the Japs will get them if we don't watch out! . . . Predictions of what will happen if we leave the Filipinos to their own devices range all the way from civil war to international war through disturbance of the balance of power in the East.

There are good proofs for all these points. Giving independence, when once you have taken responsibility, is not so simple as it sounds to liberal politicians. The Filipinos are not healthy; they could not stand economic competition with the Orientals. They are not very law-abiding; in Hawaii their crime percentage is extremely high above all other nations. They inherit from Spain a landlord system in two classes: poor peasants, ignorant, oppressed, diseased, and an official, landlord, educated class of half-breeds which

exploits the peasants. . . . One even begins to wonder whether exploitation by big American capital wouldn't be better, teaching at least a higher technique than these bosses of the Middle Ages.

Our schools, widely hailed and justly, have somewhat emphasized this distinction of classes. We have given an academic training—producing orators and lawyers, but not farmers or mechanics. Our high-school graduates seek careers of exploitation or politics.

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The trouble with the Filipinos is that they are now just like Americans (said a cynical Manila business-man). They are grafters, and get-rich-quick schemers! Typically American! Every American wants special privilege, and thinks he can speculate or bluff his way into wealth. . . . We have taught it to the Filipino; he wants to make 100% on a sale where a Chinese merchant will take two centavos and be content.

I realize, more than I ever did, what the Russians have to offer to the East. If they had had the Philippines for twenty-five years, they would have organized the peasants first of all into cooperatives and unions; they would next have introduced education based on labor. We didn't; we aren't likely to. We have created politicans and lawyers and they are shouting "independence." Maybe it will be good for the common man, and maybe it won't. Anyway, the common Filipino wants it. He feels it as a recognition of race equality; he doesn't want to be governed by white men.

There was a period under Woodrow Wilson, when we gave them more self-government than either before or after, and made promises of speedy independence. But we did the typical inefficient Wilson stunt. We relied on liberal slogans unmixed with efficiency. We sent a Governor-General who was a cheerful politician, who patted the Filipinos on the head, fired the American experts, and let the death rate rise recklessly. Of his personal morals, the less said the better. They were a scandal even in Manila. He is credited with four legal wives (by the divorce route), and limitless concubines, both American and native. . . . None the less "relations between Filipinos and America were happier than either before or after" says a newspaper man.

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The non-Christian Filipinos are apparently a higher type than the Christians, to judge by the advocates of American possession. Anyway they are more war-like and better physical specimens, never having been subdued to the Spanish system of feudalism, but living as cheerful pirates with considerable skill in barbaric handicrafts and much self-respect. They enslaved and despised the Christian Filipinos. Then we came along and disarmed them, promising protection. Now we have turned them over to the policing of a Filipino Constabulary, and the Island government gives their tribal lands as homesteads to Christian Filipinos. Whereat they cry aloud that America is betraying them to their hereditary enemies, and sign resolutions begging us to stay and protect them, or at least not to hand them over to Filipino rule.

Whatever we do, we shall be in Dutch. We promised the Moros when we disarmed them to protect them. We promised the Filipinos independence, which means the right to rule the Moros. . . . We can't keep both promises. . . . Probably we will keep neither. . . . One would feel surer of all these petitions by the Moros if their tribal lands were not the rich rubber island of Mindanao, capable of producing all the rubber, coffee, quinine, that the United States needs, and hence very interesting to the big American corporations who are championing the Moros' rights. I wonder if these war-like tribes will die off quicker under colonization by Filipino peasants protected by Filipino Constabulary, or under exploitation by American rubber companies, importing Chinese coolie labor as they desire.

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All sides agree on one thing—that they wish America had a continuous, definite, open policy. . . . They all cry for it, and it's the only thing they can never get. . . . Our whole form of government is against having any foreign policy; the Islands, and all foreign relations, are the football of party politics in Washington. We don't have policies; we have checks and balances. We have created the Philippines in our own image, with the checks and balances developed into a government by obstruction. . . . An American Governor-General vetoing Filipino legislature; and a Filipino legislature refusing appropriations to the Governor. Neither side able to act; each fighting the other.

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Manuel Quezon, leader of Filipino nationalists, says they will never get independence "till China grows strong." Something ominous in that. It's my bet that not Japan will absorb the Philippines, but that China will. . . . China has taken some ideas from Russia, including freedom of minor nationalities combined with economic federalism. . . . The East fears Japan, with her militarized autocracy. . . . But if China creates a decentralized, federal democracy—what will the East do then? . . . China has powers of absorption unequalled in history; the Philippines are off her coast. . . . Chinese merchants control her retail trade. . . . I doubt if America's decision about independence will affect the future of the Filipinos much; what will be, will be, by economic and population pressures. It will only affect America's own reputation—in the Orient and in Latin America. The chances are, it will affect it badly. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

"President Madison," May 15, 1927.

Eloquence

I longed for the tongues of angels,
That I might speak the word,
Like a song of healing and kindness,
Which never yet men heard.
Till the beast in man should follow,
Quitting his jungle wild,
Lion and lamb together,
And led by a little child.

And all the answer of heaven
Was this poor word of mine,
And where was the song of healing,
And where was the voice divine?
While all the beasts of the forest
Raved in their jungle wild,
Where the lion roared for his victim,
And lo, 'twas a little child!

Such was the answer of Heaven
To me, as long ago,
To One who came with the healing
And balm for every woe.
Oh, never man spake as this man,
To a world of pain and loss;
And wouldst thou know his secret?
Thou too shall know his cross.

For UNITY. F. K. GIFFORD.

Letters from Nicola Sacco

When Nicola Sacco fell into the clutches of the law he spoke "dago" English fluently, but of writing in English he knew not one word. He has been much exhorted to study English during these long years of his imprisonment, and he has been furnished some instruction. But today his English is as illiterate as it was seven years ago. It is not the *will* to learn which he lacks, nor is it any lack of intelligence. It is the pall of prison that has lain upon his mind. "When I am free," he answers to all exhortations, "when I am free, I will learn English in a week! In my cell I cannot learn. I want the sunlight and the green world outside."

Nevertheless, in his letters, in spite of faulty grammar and spelling, one discerns his highly poetical nature, his warm affections and his most loyal heart. "There never was a better fellow than Nick Sacco," said George Kelly, the superintendent of the shoe factory where he worked. "Nor one with a kinder heart. He couldn't kill a chicken." George Kelly's father, owner of the Three K Factory and of the bungalow where Sacco lived and of the plot of land which he cultivated, while he lingered outside the court room for a chance to tell more fully what he knew, said of him: "A man who is in his garden at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at the factory at 7 o'clock, and in his garden again after supper and until nine and ten at night, carrying water and raising vegetables beyond his own needs which he would bring to me to give to the poor, that man is not a 'holdup man.'"

(1.) The following letter written August, 1924, is the first English letter which Sacco attempted, acknowledging the gift of some sea shells:

If I do not write you before it was not because I did forget you, o no! I well never forget the generous heart of mother, that fight without rest for the liberty of humanity oppressed. I received the book you send to me (the Englesh-Italian Dictionary) and also the sia shells and you cannot imagene how glad I was to received your beautiful sea shells.

I riceived your telegram and also your post card and always thank you o, mother untiring for the liberty of that consecration and inviolable justice of the human nature.

(2.) Two months later, while the hearings on the microphotographs of the markings on bullets and pistols were in process, Sacco wrote:

You never can imagine how much it was great the joy of the recluse when I see in that court room all the noble legion of our friends and comrades, which they work hard for forty-one month for the triumph of that consecration and inviolable of the human justicy and for the liberty of Sacco and Vanzetti.

By the way, my dear mother, you believe we will have a new trial? I am tol you the truth, Mrs. Evans, I did like very much the way Mr. Thom and Mr. Hill they did present the new evidence, and for some moment they did relief the soul of the sad recluse. If you happen to see Mr. Thom and Mr. Hill give for me my dear and best rigard and for the splendour defence they have fairy. So I will hope they will finish this long and dolorous calvary.

Meanwhile salute fraternally all our friends and comrades, and you dear mother of the human oppressed have one of my warm affectionate embrace from your now and for ever friend and comrade, Nicola Sacco.

(3.) Still a little later he wrote:

The solitude of this tomb it is sad and dolorous, especially when the father is far from the warm kisses of his dear children. Here I'm alive in this terrible hole! Here, where there is no life and no vegetation: but I live! And I will live for humanity and for the solidarity and for the fraternity and for gratitude to all the friends and comrades who have worked for Sacco and Vanzetti; and I will live for freedom and for justice that is the justice of all of us.

(4.) To Mrs. Cerise Jack, who was giving him English lessons, he wrote:

I remember Mrs. Jack a years ago on our love day when I bought the first lovely blue suit for my dear Rosina and that dear remembrance still remains in my heart. That was the first day nineteen twelve in Milford, Mass., the celebration day of the five martyrs of Chicago, that in the mind of the humanity oppressed never will be forget. So in morning May first nineteen twelve I dress up with my new blue suit and I went over to see my dear Rosina and I asked her father if he wont let Rosina come with me in the city town to buy something and he said yes. So in afternoon about one o'clock we both us went in city town and we went in a big store and we bought a brown hat, a white underdress, a blue suit, one pair of brown stock, one pair brown shoes, and after she was all dress up, Mrs. Jack I wish you could see Rosina, how nice she looked, while now the sufferings of today had make her look like an old woman. But Mrs. Jack I never was ambitious to buy her diamonds and so-so, but I always bought everything that could be natural and useful.

(5.) And at about the same date, he wrote to Mrs. Jessica Henderson, another of the women who have ministered to him and to his family "in his calvary" he wrote:

Here I am sitting alone always, but with me, in my soul, in my heart, in my mind, are all immense legion of the noble and the generous friends and comrades. Here I say I'm sitting writing to you these few lines; the sunlight it shines on my face and for a brief time it is a relief to my soul, and it brighten my mind by looking at the clear blue sky and the beautiful mother of nature.

(6) The following letters are of recent date. On March 27, 1927, he wrote:

We are right into the good weather of spring, and though of all this—it seems that it, the idea of my family, the tipid ray of sunshine has warming my heart, while my thought running toward those whom have been kind and loved to me through all those struggle long years passed. Therefore, this morning I could not go without sent you the gay warm affectionate greetings of spring, with hope, always today more than ever to see the end of mine—and of all persecution liberation.

I have your always with pleasure, and I enjoyed your good news and the announce of you coming over to see me. Thus, I have been waiting and waiting like son can wait to see and hole and good old mother after her convalescence.

Yes, I saw and I were glad to have see my companion Rosina, but the depressed of her brittle and pour soul as sad my soul so much that I could not describe you how badly had strike me. But her and the rest of my family can rest sure that I would not give them one day long of these cruel sufferance.

Meanwhile, give always my best wishes to all with my most dear and hearty greetings.

(7.) On April 9th, 1927, he received his death sentence in the Dedham Court House. The day following the sentence he wrote:

Just a few words to say to you, dear mother, that though of all the indignation roaring that were boil in my soul for that iniquitous sentence, I enjoyed to have see your lovely face in the court room, and I felt too jump over the cage and run toward you to embrace your noble soul.

Then yesterday, after the enjoy they had to see us gather the sentence, they must had swallow pretty badly all that warm sympathy of all those lovely children (sympathizers who had been in the court room) that so kindly have gave to us; and wish I could give them one by one my warm hearty greeting.

Meanwhile, if you go to see my family, kiss them for me, and tell them I think of they soul always. Best wishes to all with warm affectionate embrace.

Yours forever

(8.) And on May 3rd came the following on a post card:

It is a beautiful morning, and the gay tipid ray of sunrise warming the heart of the full sad soul, while the most dearest thought running toward you and my beloved once.

Best wishes to all with warmest greetings, Your affectionate, Nicola.

P. S. Courage and be of good cheer.

Let Sacco's closing words remain with us. Whatsoever may be the outcome of this most amazing case, let us who champion him and Vanzetti be of good cheer. If they are set free, a great day will it be for human freedom. And if they are to die, they will be as it were "lifted up" to point the way toward the promised land.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XI AND XII

Sanitary Reform and Famine Relief

I have always found it impossible to reconcile myself to any one member of the body politic remaining out of use. I have been always loathe to hide or connive at the weak side of the community or to press for its rights without having purged it of its blemishes. I had therefore set about, ever since my settlement in Natal, clearing the community of a charge that had been levelled against it not without a certain amount of truth. The charge had been often made that the Indian did not keep his house and surroundings clean and was slovenly in his habits. The principal men of the community had therefore already begun putting their houses in order, but house to house inspection was undertaken only when plague was reported to be imminent in Durban. This was done in consultation and with the approval of the city fathers who had desired our co-operation. Our co-operation made work easier for them and lessened our hardships. For whenever there is an outbreak of epidemics, the executives, as a general rule, get impatient, take excessive measures and behave to such as may have incurred their displeasure with a heavy hand. The community saved itself from this oppression by voluntarily taking sanitary measures.

But I had some bitter experiences too. I saw that I could not so easily count on the help of the community in getting it to do its own duty, as I could in claiming rights for it. At some places I met with insults, at some with polite indifference. It was too much for them to bestir themselves to keep their surroundings clean. It was out of the question to expect them to find money for the work. That without infinite patience it was impossible to get the people to do any work was the lesson these experiences taught me better than ever before. It is the reformer who is anxious for the reform, and not society from which he should expect nothing better than opposition, abhorrence and even mortal persecution. Why may not society regard as retrogression what the reformer holds dear as life itself.

Nevertheless the result of this agitation was that the Indian community came to recognize more or less the necessity for keeping their houses and environments clean. I gained the esteem of the authorities. They saw that if I had made it my business to ventilate grievances and press for rights, I was no less keen and insistent upon self-purification.

There was one thing, however, which still remained to be done, namely, awakening in the Indian settler a sense of duty to the motherland. India was poor, the Indian settler went to South Africa in search of wealth, and he was bound to contribute part of his earnings for the benefit of his countrymen in the hour of their adversity. The year 1897 was a year of famine followed by the still severer famine of 1899. South African Indians contributed gladly for famine relief, very much more in 1899 than they did in 1897. We had appealed to Englishmen also for funds and they had responded well. Even the indentured Indians gave their share in the contribution, and the system inaugurated at the time of these famines has since been continued, and we know that Indians in South Africa have never failed in sending handsome contributions to India in times of national calamity.

Thus service of the Indians in South Africa revealed to me ever new implications of truth at every stage. Truth is like a vast tree which yields more and more fruit the more you nurture it. The deeper the search in the mine of truth, the richer the discovery of the gems buried underneath, in the shape of openings for a greater variety of service.

Return to India

On my relief from war-duty I felt that my work was no longer in South Africa but in India. Not that there was nothing to be done in South Africa, but I was afraid that my main business might be only money-making.

Friends at home were also pressing me to return and I felt that I would be of more service in India. And for work in South Africa, Messrs. Khan and Mansukhlal Naazar were of course there. So I requested my co-workers to relieve me. After very great difficulty my request was conditionally accepted, the condition being that I should be ready to go back to South Africa if within a year the community needed me. I thought it was a difficult condition, but the love that bound me to the community made me accept it. "The Lord has bound me with the cotton thread of love, and I am His bondslave," sang Mirabai. And for me too the cotton thread of love that bound me to the community was too strong to break. The voice of the people is the voice of God and here the voice of friends was too real to be rejected. I accepted the condition and got their permission to go.

At this time I was intimately connected only with Natal. The Natal Indians bathed me with the nectar of love. Farewell meetings were arranged at every place, and costly gifts were given me.

Such gifts had been given me in 1896 too, when I returned to India, but the farewell this time was overwhelming. The gifts contained gold and silver things of course, but there were articles of costly diamonds too.

What right had I to accept all these gifts? Accepting them, how could I persuade myself that I was serving the community without remuneration? All the gifts, excepting a few from my clients, were purely for my service to the community, and I could make no difference between my clients and co-workers, for the clients also helped me in my public work.

One of the gifts was a gold necklace worth 50 guineas, meant for Mrs. Gandhi. But even that gift was given because of my public work and so it could not be separated from the rest.

The evening I was presented with the bulk of these gifts I had a restless and sleepless night. I walked up and down my room deeply agitated but could find no solution. It was difficult for me to forego gifts worth hundreds, it was more difficult to keep them.

And even if I could keep them, what about my children? What about my wife? They were being trained to a life of service, it was always brought home to them that service was its own reward. I had no costly ornaments in the house, we had been fast simplifying our life. How could we afford to have gold watches then? How could we afford to wear gold chains and diamond rings? Even then I was exhorting people to conquer the infatuation for jewelry. What was I now to do with the jewelry that had come upon me?

I decided that I could not keep those things. I drafted the letter creating a trust of them in favor of the community and appointing Parsee Rustomji and other trustees. In the morning I held a consultation with my wife and children and got rid of the heavy incubus.

I knew that I would have some difficulty in persuading my wife and I was sure that I would have none so far as the children were concerned. So I decided to constitute them my attorneys.

The children readily agreed to my proposal. "We do not need these costly presents, we must return them to the community, and should we ever need them, we could easily purchase them," they said.

I was delighted. "Then you will plead with mother, won't you?" I asked them.

"Certainly," said they. "That is our business. She does not need to wear the ornaments. She would want to keep them for us, and if we don't want them, why should she not agree to part with them?"

But it was easier said than done.

"You may not need them," said Mrs. Gandhi. "Your children may not need them. Cajoled, they will dance to your tune. I can understand your not permitting me to wear them. But what about my daughters-in-law? They will surely need them. And who knows what will happen tomorrow? I would be the last person to part with gifts so lovingly given."

And thus the torrent of argument went on, reinforced in the end by tears. But the children were adamant. And I of course was unmoved.

I mildly put in: "The children have yet to get married. We do not want to see them married young. And when they are grown up, they can take care of themselves. And surely we will not have for our sons brides fond of ornaments. And if after all we need to make them ornaments I am there. You will ask me then."

"Ask you? I have known you by this time. You deprived me of my ornaments, you would not leave me in peace with those ornaments. Fancy you offering to get ornaments for the daughters-in-law! You who are trying to make *Sadhus* of my boys from today! No, the ornaments will not be returned. And pray what right have you to my necklace?"

"But," I rejoined, "is the necklace given you for your service or for my service?"

"I agree. But service rendered by you is as good as rendered by me. I have toiled and moiled for you day and night. Is that no service? You forced all and sundry on me and made me weep bitter tears, and I slaved for them!"

These were pointed thrusts and some of them went home. But I was determined to return the ornaments. I somehow succeeded in extorting a consent from her. The gifts received in 1896 and 1901 were all returned. A trust-deed was prepared and they were deposited with a bank, to be used for the service of the community according to my wishes or to those of the trustees. Often when I was in need of funds for public purposes and felt that I must draw upon the trust, I have been able to raise the requisite amount, leaving the trust money intact. The fund is still there being operated upon in times of need, and it has regularly accumulated.

I have never since regretted the step, and as the years rolled on, Mrs. Gandhi also saw the wisdom of it. It has saved us from many temptations.

I am definitely of opinion that a public worker should accept no costly gifts.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

A May Day by the Waters of Lake Minnetonka

"Tweet, Tweet, Tweet" come the soft notes of a merry little bird one rollicking May day. There is an altogether lovely setting; fleecy white clouds chasing each other across the azure sky, shy little violets showing their soft petals and crocuses just beginning to bloom. In this wee bit of fairy land, oaks, elms and the milk-white birch all appear brightened up by the dainty, lacy green ferns.

Hark! Do I hear the soft whirring of wings? Looking up in the tree I spy cheery Mr. and Mrs. Robin building, for themselves and future family, a little nest lined with soft green moss. Away from this dreary world is their tiny home where only love can dwell.

Suddenly my glance is arrested by a slender doe feeding her young—such a pretty creature with intelligent soft brown eyes. I draw a deep breath; it hurts to look at anything so beautiful and then have ones thoughts brought back to every day life. It is in such surroundings as these that one realizes the truth of the phrase: "How beautiful are Thy works, Oh Lord. In wisdom hast Thou created them all."

In closing my description, my final words shall be: Be kind to the birds and animals if you, in turn, would have kindness shown to you.

MURIEL JEANETTE DAVIS,
AGE 12 YEARS.

May, 1927.

The Study Table

The Old-Time Negro Preacher

Here is a book* which has the touch of authentic genius. It stems, on the one hand, from Mr. Johnson's earlier work in the field of poetry (see his "Fifty Years" and his "Book of Negro Poetry"); and, on the other hand, from his collecting and editing of Negro spirituals in his first and second "Book of Negro Spirituals." But "God's Trombones" has a character of its own which marks it as a distinctive and glorious achievement in its own right.

In a lengthy "Preface," Mr. Johnson tells us about the old-time Negro preacher and his folk-sermons which, along with the Negro spirituals, plantation tales, and dances, are a part of the black man's priceless contribution to American life. The Negro preacher of the old days was an important figure; he has "not yet been given the niche in which he properly belongs," says Mr. Johnson. A man far above the average in intelligence, not infrequently "a man of positive genius," he was the first shepherd of the "bewildered flock" of emancipated slaves, and thus a power of enormous influence "for good or ill." His preaching was his own creative product; there is nothing just like it in Christian history. Based upon the Bible, which was often the only book he read, and large parts of which he committed to memory, the sermons of the old-time Negro preacher were a mingled oratorical and poetical paraphrasing of the Scriptures. He told and retold the old-time stories, with rhythmic eloquence and ecstatic appeal.

He knew the secret of oratory (says Mr. Johnson). He often possessed a voice that was a marvellous instrument, a voice he could modulate from a sepulchral whisper to a crashing thunder clap. His discourse was generally kept at a high pitch of fervency. . . . He had the power to sweep his hearers before him, and so himself was often swept away. At such times his language was not prose but poetry.

The sermons preached by these preachers became in time a kind of common possession of them all, and thus developed into a folk-tradition. Mr. Johnson remembers hearing in his boyhood

sermons that passed with only slight modifications from preacher to preacher and from locality to locality. . . . Then there was a stereotyped sermon which had no definite subject, and which was quite generally preached, it began with the Creation, went on to the fall of man, rambled through the trials and tribulations of the Hebrew Children, came down to the redemption of Christ, and ended with the Judgment Day and a warning and exhortation to sinners.

These sermons are still being preached—Mr. Johnson records hearing an up-to-date version of one of them "only a few months ago in Harlem." But they are slowly disappearing, as Negro culture grows; and the power of the old-time preacher, while still a vital force in many parts of the country, is lessening."

"God's Trombones" springs from memories of these preachers, and is an endeavor to render and thus preserve the folk-sermons which were their creation. The book contains seven such sermons, written in swift, nervous, ecstatic free verse forms, on such subjects as "The Creation," "The Prodigal Son," "Noah Built the Ark," "The Crucifixion," "Let My People Go," and "The Judgment Day." The first poem, "Listen, Lord," is a prayer as well as a sermon. "Go Down Death" is a funeral sermon.

This last poem, "Go Down Death," is the most beautiful, certainly the most moving production in the volume. It lacks something, perhaps, of the sheer power of "The Creation"; it has not the fervency and passion of "Let My People Go." But for tenderness of feeling, grace of expression, and occasional sweep of pictorial imagination, it is unrivaled. Yet does it belong essentially to the group as a whole, and thus reveal in some especial way the glories that are implicit in all the poems. One knows not whether to admire more the contribution which Mr. Johnson has made to the folk-tradition of American life in preserving this material, or the contribution which he has made to American literature in writing these poems. Perhaps the two things belong together as a single work of pious reverence and creative vision.

In any case, "God's Trombones" is a work of genius. Mr. Johnson had a happy thought when he conceived the idea of setting down these sermons in permanent poetic form, and he has carried out his idea with a master hand.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"God's Trombones," by James Weldon Johnson. Published by the Viking Press.

Correspondence

From Our Australian Editorial Contributor

Dear Comrade in Arms:

I see you are still going up and down in the earth, like Satan, or a Roaring Lion. . . . Good Luck to you! . . . Pour in "oil and wine." . . . The world wants "faith, hope and love." That was a wonderful flash of the Apostle of the Gentiles. . . . The horizon becomes wider and wider. . . "Sailing! Sailing! Sailing!" . . . The mariner's compass and the "taking of the sun" are what matters.

This sounds like a sermon. . . . But, no, it is written fresh from the South Australian Women's Peace Movement. . . . That Outlawry Idea has to be worked for all it is worth, and it is worth a good deal, for it appeals to the moral forces, which in the long run run up or down into religion. . . . More sermonizing! . . . So let me stretch on to other lines of sail. . . . Back to C Major, as Browning might say.

I am here again on the shores of the Pacific (summer-time in Australia), reading, meditating, climbing hills, wandering in the bush, eating strawberries, letter-writing, bathing in the surf and thinking about many things. A cool summer with a few hot days up to 105, tempests of wind and raging bush fires, in which alas! some have not been so fortunate as Elijah.

Might I suggest that UNITY should be more "cosmical." . . . I mean take notice of religious movements all over the world. . . . *Entre nous* too American! . . . A quotation, now and then from other journals—British, French, German, Australian—would help to carry out the original idea of UNITY. . . . A few lines from representatives in other lands might help to cosmopolitanism. Readers in other lands would take more interest. Excuse me if I seem meddlesome, and punish me by sending me some items from your land, that may be published in *Commonweal*.

Now I must dry up. So fare you well auld Nickie Ben.

Mr. Pike sends me his book. It is good, but just a wee bit too diffuse. The trees are difficult to see, for the wood!

*From a personal letter—with apology to Dr. Charles Strong.

CHARLES STRONG.

Australian Church, Melbourne.

Internationalism

Editor of UNITY:

A recent correspondence published in UNITY causes me to want to say why I like your publication.

UNITY does not place Asia, Europe or any other old section above America, nor do I find any positive or implied worship of Mr. Gandhi. At times the editor may let his

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

WHAT INDIVIDUALS CAN DO TO FURTHER THE AIMS OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE ON NAVAL ARMAMENTS

First Steps to Take

I. Build up interest in, and support of, the Three Power Conference at Geneva on the Limitation of Naval Armament.

Concerning this Conference, Charles Evans Hughes recently said, "With the sincere efforts of these Powers, firm friends as they are, it would seem entirely practicable to find appropriate arrangements to which they can agree, without sacrificing any reasonable demands for protection or defense."

II. Express the hope, while the Conference is in session, that something may also be done to bring about consideration of reduction in *land* armament.

III. Call for some *international agreement* for armament limitation.

IV. Emphasize the moral obligations of the nations who signed the Treaty of Versailles to limit armament.

(a) Competitive armament is not consistent with the terms of the Versailles Treaty.

In prescribing the limitation of German military forces, the Allied Powers set forth in the Treaty of Versailles, that the purposes of the military, naval and air clauses of that treaty were, "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." In spite of this, certain of the nations have increased their armaments since the signing of the treaty.

(b) Increasing armaments violates article 8 of the League of Nations Covenant.

"The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

(Some of the Articles of the Versailles Treaty relating to the disarmament of Germany expire in 1928 and some Germans are already asking what Germany shall do if the other nations insist in maintaining their armaments. Will Germany not be forced to arm again?)

(c) Increasing armaments violates the letter and spirit of the Locarno Agreement. At Locarno the Delegates undertook,

"to give their sincere co-operation to the work relating to general disarmament already undertaken by the League of Nations and to seek the realization thereof in a general agreement."

V. Stress the economic necessity for the reduction of armament.

"The lifting of the economic burden through the curtailment of expenditures upon armaments would be the greatest boon that could be conferred upon vast masses of people because of the peculiar waste involved in such expenditures and in the putting of the irreplaceable products of nature to the least advantageous use for the human race."—Charles Evans Hughes.

VI. Work for the prevention of another war.

"The increase of armaments, that is intended in each nation to produce consciousness of strength, and a sense of security, does not produce these effects. On the contrary, it produces a consciousness of the strength of other nations and a sense of fear. . . . The enormous growth of arms in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made war inevitable."—Lord Grey of Falloden.

"What was the real cause of the World War? The unlimited competition in armaments. It was impossible to continue indefinitely the increase of armies in mon-

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(OVER)

zeal for the truth violate the conventions, but I would rather contend with that than with the perversions and propaganda of the secular press.

Before the world war we heard on all sides, "What interest have we in the affairs of other nations?" Our participation in the war and the complications resulting from it show that "internationalism" is a very real issue. Its importance demands discussion, but I do not see how it can be handled without using the names, or approved designation, for the several nations. To say that the well known injustice imposed upon China happens "on the other side of the globe" would be so indefinite that the truth would be questioned immediately. To refer to the Mexican question as being "south of us" might be construed as referring to Tea-pot Dome.

We do not quarrel with mathematics because its rules are used in exploiting others—including other nations. We do not quarrel with the Constitution of the United States when an official or any other citizen violates its spirit, but we should not ignore the violation or the violator. We should not deny Mr. Gandhi or any other human being the right to adopt one, a dozen or all the virtues of our Christ.

I happened to have allied myself with one of the church denominations, but, by positive intent, I am trying to be a Christian, venerating the good in George Washington, or the good in Geo. Washington Brown (or black); revering the way, the truth and the life of Jesus Christ above any historical setting or the brutal instrument by which the attempt was made to kill the truth. I am happy to feel that, although Christ was a despised Nazarene, a foreigner, I may have fellowship with Him and assist in building that internationalism, universal brotherhood—the Kingdom of God on earth.

Every citizen owes allegiance to the spirit and principles of the Constitution of our country, but no true American owes allegiance to any man on earth.

Hurrah for America! whether its spirit is found in the jungles of Africa, in the heart of Gandhi, in the contending forces in Asia, in the administration of our own government or in UNITY.

CHAS. P. KRAFT.

Columbus, Ohio.

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strous proportions without war breaking out."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

Points Which May Be Discussed at the Conference

1. Extension of the provisions of the Washington Conference of 1921, which limited Battleships to 5:5:3 ratio, to include Cruisers at possibly the same ratio and a lesser displacement.
2. The abolition of submarine warfare.
3. The abolition of war from the air.
4. The abolition of gas warfare.
5. General Conference for the reduction of land armament.

How You Can Help

1. Arrange a special meeting and have local speakers or bring speakers in from outside.
2. Urge ministers in the city to preach on the subject.
3. Bring the subject to the attention of the Chamber of Commerce, men's and women's clubs.
4. Discuss the question at Ministerial Associations.
5. Bring the subject to the attention of educational institutions.
6. Interview the editors of the daily press calling for editorial notice on the forthcoming Three Power Naval Conference and on the necessity for reduction of armaments.
7. Distribute literature bearing on the subject.

William I. Hull,
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Mr. Arthur Bestor,
Mr. Marcus M. Marks,
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* * *

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